

# How num'rous, Lord, of late are grown

Joseph Stephenson

Text: Ps. 3, N.V.

Ps. 3d. (A 4 Voce)

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How num - 'rous, Lord, of late are grown The troub - lers of my peace! And,  
In - sult - ing they my soul up - braid, And him whom I ad - ore; 'The  
But thou, O Lord, art my de - fence; On thee my hopes re - ly; Thou  
Since when - so - e'er in like dis - tress To God I made my pray'r, He  
Guard - ed by him, I laid me down, My sweet re - pose to take; For

8

as their num - bers hour - ly rise, So does their rage in - crease.  
God in whom he trusts, say they, 'Shall res - cue him no more'.  
art my glo - ry, and shalt yet Lift up my head on high.  
heard me from his ho - ly hill, Why should I now de - spair?  
I through him se - cure - ly sleep, Through him in safe - ty wake.

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Emendations: The alto part is given in alto clef in the source: the tenor A on the third beat of bar 10 has no accidental in the source. The only indications of the text in the source are the title 'Ps. 3d.' and the opening words 'How numerous Ld': verses 1-5 of the text have been underlaid editorially.